Periodical Publications - Europe England London
Critical Reviews
1087 c.37
4

AN

APPENDIX

TO THE

OCCASIONAL CRITIC,

IN WHICH

The *Remarks* on that Performance in the critical and monthly Reviews are examined, and the *Authors* of them ſhewn to be equally illiteral and illiberal.

- - - *Aliusque & Idem*
Naſceris.

HORAT.

LONDON,

Printed for M. COOPER, *Pater-noſter-Row.*

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

AN APPENDIX TO THE OCCASIONAL CRITIC.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR monthly Sooterkin of Criticiſm being again given to the Public, amongſt the articles which it contains, my performance, the Occaſional Critic, happily falls under your enquiry, in which it is remarkable that as you began the plan of your unexampled work with a true ſpecimen of your knowledge in the *Engliſh* Grammar, ſo in this Criticiſm on or rather anſwer to the Occaſional Critic, you exhibit as genuine an inſtance of your attachment to truth.

You begin: "The deſign of this performance (the Occaſional Critic) is to demonſtrate that the authors of the Critical Review are *Scotch* Scrubs and Raſcals, Barbers, Taylors, Apothecaries and Surgeons Mates, who underſtand neither *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, nor *Engliſh*, nor any other language, art, or ſcience whatſoever."

As to the former part of this ſentence, the appellations which you are pleaſed to ſay I deſigned to beſtow you, as you have not attempted to diſprove the juſtneſs of their application, what muſt I conclude but that through conſcious guilt you acquieſce in the truth of them: In this part then ſuppoſing my deſign were as you ſay, we are both of a mind, and therefore we cannot diſagree on that ſubject.

In the latter part, the languages, arts and ſciences, it ſeems, we do not exactly quadrate in our opinions. My deſign, you ſay, is to demonſtrate that you neither underſtand *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Engliſh*, nor any other language, art, or ſcience: And your deſign is to prove you underſtand them all

by attempting to ſhew that I have miſtaken in one *Latin* and two *Greek* paſſages; a very ſingular method indeed! Now ſuppoſing you to be right, and me miſtaken in the *Greek* and the *Latin*, will that clear you from the imputation of not underſtanding *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Engliſh*, or any *other language*, *art*, or *ſcience*? Have not you advanced too far, Gentlemen, in this aſſertion, and have not I allowed you, in conſequence of your own argument in favour of *Blackwell*, that ignorance in *Engliſh* may ariſe from a knowledge in *Greek*, that your ignorance may have riſen from your ſkill in the *Chineſe*? However you will excuſe me, I hope, when I conclude that your having relinquiſhed all attempt to juſtify your knowledge in any thing, but the *Greek* and *Latin* muſt have ſprung from conviction of its impoſſibility to be accompliſhed; ſo far then we agree again in that which you ſay is the ſecond part of my deſign.

But peradventure ſhould you think yourſelves emerged from that abyſs of confuſion and diſgrace into which you were thrown by the Occaſional Critic, by the aſſiſtance of your remarks on the three before-mentioned paſſages, and yet ſhould it be diſcovered that by this floundering you have only ſtuck faſter in the mire of ignorance, will you not look as rueful as *Hob* juſt riſen from the well, and as ridiculous as *Gulliver* cramed by the monkey on the houſe-top in *Brobdignag*? And here as your ſpecies of wit will naturally tempt you to reply that I do juſtice in comparing myſelf to a monkey, I ſhall cruelly anticipate you and bid you remember even then that a monkey is your maſter.

In the next paſſage comes the inſtance of your adhering to truth in what you impute to me, "that *Scotland* never pro-"duced any one man of genius, learning, or integrity," which if it had been my deſign to prove, have you not deſerted the cauſe of your country, and offered no argument to the contrary, ſo that I am victor there too. But if I had attempted any thing like what you ſay, ought you not to have pointed out the place and tranſcribed the paſſage? And as you have not, have you not forged this accuſation againſt me? Particularly as in the Occaſional Critic there are ſeveral places in which the Natives of *Scotland* are mentioned with approbation, and which like the players in *Hamlet*, muſt ſting your guilty conſciences with the recollection of your falſehood. All I have ſaid, or meant to ſay, is that when *Scotland* produced you, it produced neither men of genius, learning, nor integrity. To the contrary of this, you have urged no one argument of conviction, and your Critical Annals, the Occaſional Critic, and this your Anſwer, have they not convinced the Public that I am perfectly right in what I have ſaid of you? Thus you ſee, Gentle-

men,

men, we are of one opinion by your acquieſcence in theſe circumſtances alſo.

However in one thing I am a little ſurprized, that ſince both you, and I as you ſay, have agreed that you are Barbers, Taylors, *&c.* you have not ſeized that circumſtance, and turned it as an argument to your advantage; that being *Scotch* Taylors, Barbers, *&c.* it is a wonder you can read and write at all, and therefore no ſmall degree of merit in ſuch men to have attempted *the noble art of Criticiſm.* Whereas, ſhould you inſiſt that your education hath been in the Univerſities of *Scotland*, will it not be an equal diſgrace to you and them, that places deſtined to learning, can have produced ſuch dunces? You ſee, Gentlemen, how willing I am to help you out of your preſent calamity, by offering you this argument againſt the next Review comes forth.

But now comes your exclamation: "Alas, poor *Scotland!* "what misfortune that ever thou ſhouldſt have incurred the "reſentment of ſuch a formidable hero as the invincible and "immaculate Sh——e!" Here again ſuppoſing, *Scotland* has incurred my reſentment, am I not ſtill invincible for any thing you have ſaid in its defence? But is not your term *immaculate* an excellent inſtance of your choice of epithets, when you thereby confeſs, that of all the dirt you have flung at me, not a ſpot ſticks? Or, is it in conſequence of the *Scotch* rule of ſelecting *Engliſh* words by the ſound, that you have choſen this?

You then add: "We imagine this two and ſix-penny pro-"duction might have turned out more to his advantage, had "he printed it in half-penny ſlips of brown paper and hawked "them in perſon, at the corner of ſome thorough-fare."

In this your imagination has deceived you, Gentlemen, and I will tell you my reaſons. It has turned out exactly as I intented it ſhould; it has proved you to be a ſett of illiberal, illiterate and ignorant *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics. Beſides as my works have hitherto been written, printed and ſold on white paper, in pure pitty to you and yours which are paſted on brown, I would not contribute to raiſe the price of the latter commodity, and thus oblige you to ſpend three parts in four of your hire from the bookſellers in purchaſing brown paper whereon to ſtick the ſcraps of dead and living Authors, to make thoſe works which you call your own; for ſtupid as you are, I think you ſhould ſtill live, if it be but to ſhew the excellence of other men's writings by the ignorance in yours.

As to the ſize of the pamphlet that I apprehend, Gentlemen, muſt be laid to your charge alſo, for you ſee large as it is, it could not lead me a third part through the volumes of your ſtupidity. However I can eaſily conceive, why you may complain

complain of its ſize, and wiſh it leſs: As a deſerter wiſhes the regiment to be weak in numbers for the ſake of receiving as few laſhes as poſſible, when he is whipt through it.

To the former paſſage, very much like, Gentlemen, you add the following: "We underſtand he is very well provided "with lungs and otherwiſe qualified for that profeſſion, ſo as "to rival the moſt renowned heralds of *Grubſtreet* and *Ty-*"*burn.*"

I thank you, Gentlemen, for the diſcovery: I have now a power of chuſing one occupation more than I thought myſelf qualified to undertake. And yet charitably diſpoſed as I am towards you, have I not moſt chriſtian-like prevented the faireſt opportunity of exhibiting thoſe talents to the Public by requeſting all thoſe who ſell tapes, ribbands, inkles, twine, cord, or other hampen manufactures in a village not two miles weſt of *London*, not to deliver any of thoſe wares without knowing for whom they are deſigned? The Apothecaries never ſell arſenic without that precaution. And all this through pure dread of being furniſhed with a very tempting inducement of trying this new occupation, in hawking the laſt words, dying-ſpeech, confeſſion and behaviour, birth, parentage and education of Doctor *Random*, in whoſe pockets were found, after his having laid violent hands upon himſelf, the Occaſional Critic, on the firſt page of which was written with his own hand: *Who ever of my country-men ſhall happily diſcover this pamphlet, the cauſe of my raſh undertaking, I implore him to take warning by this ſpecimen of my untimely end, and never cauſeleſsly provoke the author of it as I have too raſhly done, leſt the ſame fate befall him which has befallen me.*

Beſides this, Gentlemen, as one piece of advice deſerves another, and as your * monthly Annals of Criticiſm have a certain ſymptom of ſudden death which may prove fatal without a timely precaution, which is that your publiſher, ſo few of them being ſold, does not chuſe to pay for the advertiſements to be printed on the covers, I adviſe you to hawk your own wares. This as your number conſiſts of five, you may eaſily do without loſs to the Public or yourſelves; two of you being employed in this way, whilſt the remaining three are continuing their criticiſms. Thus your paſting and ſelling trade might go on at the ſame time. Whereas, being but an individual, I cannot, like the incidents and events of your hero's hiſtory of *England*, be in two places at the ſame time, and muſt therefore ſuffer by the new occupation, to which you ſay I am ſo nicely adapted. And as beginning with eclat may be of ſervice to your ſucceſs, I would advice you to ſelect your *Greek*

Pro-

* In that manner it was firſt advertiſed.

Profeſſor, your late auxiliary, and your Hero-Doctor for the firſt weeks out door employment, firſt writing in chalk on the back, and pining a paper expreſſing the following words, on the breaſt of the former: *This is the celebrated* Greek Profeſſor *of* Cambridge; and of the latter: *This is the moſt conſummate* Doctor Random, *renowned through the world for the wonders of his criticiſm*, &c. Thus like ſigns painted on both ſides, you can ſcarce eſcape the notice of any paſſenger. Such an expedient might probably impoſe upon the unwary and keep your Reviews alive full two months longer; and for this hint I expect you return me thanks in your next Review, as I have you for the former.

Having advanced thus far, you tell us: "that you have "no inclination to enter the liſts with me as the champion of "your countrymen," of which your countrymen are exceeding glad, and your readers perceive the reaſon.

You then add: "that of five perſons (you have deſerted the word Gentlemen, upon being joined by *Engliſh* and *Iriſhmen*) "concerned in writing the Critical Review, one only is "a native of *Scotland*;" in which for aught I know to the contrary, you may ſpeak truth at preſent; but when you began that inimitable work, were you not all rank *Scotchmen?* One ſmall man excepted of inferior note; and it is the beginning of your Annals that I have examined. Indeed, I am told, your former aſſociates finding that work held in univerſal contempt have either like medlars, at once ripe and rotten, dropt off one after another, or like deer in the foreſt quitted the hunted ſtag to ſave themſelves.

The ſecond choice of your hero however it ſeems hath proved as unfortunate as the former, and from the ſame cauſe ignorance in the qualifications of mankind; by which means having choſen your *Greek* Critic for his title of Profeſſor, he is at preſent as unluckily circumſtanced as before: And it is the more ſurpriſing that a man ſhould have twice blundered in the like way, becauſe upon turning his eyes one moment on himſelf and his former aſſociates, he muſt have diſcovered that men have profeſt criticiſm and phyſic who are entirely ignorant of both profeſſions. Indeed, though he is deſerted by his former clan in the actual undertaking of criticiſm, he is ſtill encouraged and ſupported by them in the original deſign of depreciating the merit of *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* phyſicians and writers with all the vigorous rancour of *Scotch* averſion.

After this you continue: "ſo that our hypercritic's national "rancour againſt that kingdom (*Scotland*) ſeems to have miſ-"taken its object," in which you are miſtaken: *Scotland* is not my object, nor rancour the ſenſation I feel when I think of that kingdom; and what modeſty you expreſs in aſcribing

that

that rancour, as you call it, national, to the *Engliſh*, when you muſt for ever feel the burning hate which you entertain for all *Engliſhmen*, and that it is the crime of *England* to indulge you to ſuch exceſs.

Beſides that, is there a man, you and your hero excepted, who after having condemned the whole nation of *Ireland* for a pack of laſcivious aſſes, that would have preſumed to complain of reflexions againſt his own country? Such is his daring, and to which your *Scotch* modeſty is only equal.

To the former paſſage you have added: "Unleſs he le-"velled the whole at one member of our ſociety, whom in-"deed he has reviled, beſpattered and belied with all the ve-"nom of low inſidious malice, and all the filth of vulgar "abuſe; thoſe attacks however we forgive as the effect of re-"ſentment." Admirable indeed! The *Scotchman* who has declared, my ears ought to be nailed to the pillory, who unprovoked has called me inſidious ſuggeſter, obſcure ſcribler, profeſſed enemy of the government, without principle, talent, diſcretion, friend, property or intereſt, pillory politician, and been guilty of many other moſt outragious abuſes againſt me and great numbers of my *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* fellow-ſubjects, complains that I have *reviled him*; why then does he not quote the paſſage? That I have *beſpattered him*; he miſtakes, I have covered him all over with his own excrementitious ignorance, ſo that there is not room to ſtick a pin in a clean part: That I have *belied him*; let him ſhew the inſtance, otherwiſe he belies me: But then *you forgive me*, I thank you, Gentlemen, becauſe *they are effects of my reſentment*; now what cauſe of reſentment can I have againſt you and that wonderful man, for giving me the faireſt opportunity of proving that he and you who have attempted to ill uſe me, are the moſt accompliſhed blockheads that ever preſumed to criticiſe the productions of arts or letters? Believe me, I have never been better pleaſed with any ſett of gentlemen in my life.

This my reſentment, however, it ſeems ſprung from his having "detected and chaſtiſed me as an ignorant and pre-"ſumptuous quack in politics, an enemy to my king and "country, and a deſperate incendiary." Now, Gentlemen, in what does this detection conſiſt? Is there a ſyllable of your criticiſms on the Letters to the People of *England* in which I have not effectually proved that want of common-ſenſe, malevolence and miſrepreſentation, by tranſpoſing the words, to make them ſpeak what they originally never could ſignify, actuated every man of you, even to your not daring to reply in juſtification of your malice? Nay, have I not proved that you have adopted the ſame hackneyed truths as you ſtile them? Are you not therefore equally with me quacks in politics, incendiaries

diaries and enemies to your king and country? Pray then tell me when he fancies, he chaſtiſed me? Did he not really whip himſelf? And let me aſk your hero, "has he not been intro-"duced to a Gentleman of great learning, who received him "merely for his profeſſing himſelf a Jacobite?" Probably then he may conceive me an enemy to his king and my country, becauſe I have no object in view but the deſire of preſerving this country and its conſtitution, nor attachment to any family farther than as one may more probably than another be the preſervation of this nation; and who acknowledging that ſome *Stuarts* have been bad kings, ſtill confeſs to have heard of worſe.

After this introduction you tell us, "you will not pretend "to trace this mole in criticiſm through all the ſoil he has "thrown up," than which you never took a better reſolution in your life, and by which you confeſs I have at leaſt gone below the ſurface in my criticiſms upon you. However "two "or three inſtances you will bring in which, poor man! I "have expoſed myſelf." Three out of three hundred: But let me ſee where the being expoſed will end at laſt.

The firſt inſtance you name is my ignorance of hexameter meaſure, and you ſay, "I muſt be well read in the Claſſics, &c. who tranſpoſed the words of *Horace*." Have you, Gentlemen, the face to name the Claſſics, who in your laſt Review but one, in criticiſing *Grey's* Odes, took the *Æolian* lyre of the ancients to be the late invention of *Æolus's* harp? What claſſical ſkulls you have!

"*Genus hoc omne* in the motto ſhould have been *hoc genus omne*." I will tell you how it happened not to be ſo. I imagine, as you have been ſo long hackney-writers, you may poſſibly know that the title-page of a book is the laſt printed, and if you have any eyes left after weeping for your diſgrace, you may ſee that the title by being detatched from the other leaves, was printed by itſelf, and therefore could not come with the laſt proof-ſheet. Theſe being premiſed, let me tell you alſo, that having ordered ſome of them as ſoon as compoſed to be taken off without being corrected, and ſent to the publiſher in order to be tranſmitted to the daily papers, and ſave the trouble of copying them for that purpoſe; this was accordingly done: The next day, on ſeeing the advertiſement of the title rightly printed in the papers, and in which the motto was omitted, I concluded the whole was right and wrote the printer word, as he lived a great way off, that he need not delay the finiſhing by ſending the title to be corrected, and thence having never ſeen the motto, aroſe the miſtake. This you may or may not believe, as you pleaſe; and you have full liberty to aſſert that I cannot copy two lines from *Horace*, and am igno-

rant of the hexameter meaſure. However, Gentlemen, though this is falſe quantity, it is not falſe *Latin*; here is none of your *divinæ particula aura*, nor *divinu*, which are to be found in your criticiſms.

You proceed: " Let us now examine his triumph over the " aſhes of Doctor *Blackwell*, whom he will not even allow " to have been a competent *Greek* ſcholar, though he was a " Profeſſor of that language in a SCOTCH Univerſity." Very true, indeed, I will not allow it though he had been *Greek* Profeſſor in all the Univerſities of *Scotland*, becauſe I have proved that he poſſeſſed no competent knowledge in *Greek*: Nay, his being a *Scotch* Profeſſor without any other conſideration, was an argument in my favour, as you can bring no printed evidence from the works of any *Greek* Profeſſor in *Scotland*, that there ever has been one who has had a competent knowledge of the *Greek* language. As to * kane-witneſſes, I doubt not you have enough of them ready to produce.

You then tell us, " that Doctor *Blackwell* intended to give " the general ſenſe only;" and I aſk you, if I have not given numerous proofs, which you have not preſumed to contradict, that he neither underſtood the general nor literal ſenſe of *Polybius?* as I ſhall of him and you again immediately. However, I aſſure you I am very ſorry Dr. *Blackwell* is not alive to ſee what I have written. But, pray, tell me in what manner have I ill treated the aſhes of Dr. *Blackwell?* Are the works of dunces to remain unexpoſed becauſe the authors are dead? Let me perſuade you not to eſpouſe ſuch fatal ſentiments, leſt you ſhould hang yourſelves to ſave your productions from critical enquiry. Beſides that, did he not commit ſuicide by his court of *Auguſtus*, on that reputation which Dr. *Barker* by his learning had acquired him in the life of *Homer?* What have I done then more than taken it from its place of chriſtian burial and interred it in the highway which the law orders to be done to all ſuicides, and as a terror to all your countrymen who may otherwiſe follow his example, and be treated like him? But it ſeems you have laboured to reſcue him and yourſelves from the ignorance of *Greek* in two ſentences only out of the whole page of blunders: Let me ſee, if that has not moſt lamentably encreaſed your diſgrace, and left his as you found it.

" Ὅτι μὲν οὖν πᾶσι τοῖς οὖσι ὑπόκειται φθορὰ καὶ μεταβολὴ ζητεῖν οὐ
" προσδεῖ λόγου.—δυοῖν δὲ τρόπων ὄντων καθ' οὓς φθείρεσθαι πᾶν γέν-
" πολιτείας, τῷ μὲν ἔξωθεν, τῷ δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς φυομένῳ, τὸ μὲν ἔκτο-
" τον ἔχειν συμβαίνει τὴν θεωρίαν. τὰ δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν τεταγμένην.

" What

* See the note page 139 of the Occaſional Critic.

" What follows is the critic's tranſlation: That corruption " and change are the fate of all things which exiſt, ſcarce " needs to be mentioned; but of the two ways by which eve- " ry kind of government hath in its nature been to be ſub- " verted, by external cauſes or thoſe generated in itſelf; the " firſt from the variety which attends it admits of ſpeculation " only, the latter of poſitive deciſion.' After ſome ſilly im- " pertinent remarks upon *Blackwell's* ſuppoſed ignorance of " grammar, this pretender in *Greek*, obſerves, " As to thoſe " cauſes of ſubverſion generated in ſtates, *Polybius* deſcribes " them, becauſe they have been uniform; nor can he have " intended to ſay, that inward diſorder was the cauſe, becauſe " that was the effect of thoſe cauſes, generated in a ſtate which " he deſcribes immediately; much leſs would he have ſaid, " that the progreſs of it is fixt. τεταγμένην is placed in oppoſi- " tion to θεωρίαν, poſitive deciſion againſt ſpeculative conclu- " ſion."

You then add: " The learned reader will ſee that nothing " can be more abſurd than this aſſertion, that τεταγμένην is " placed in oppoſition to θεωρίαν; he will perceive the author's " meaning is, the ſpeculation of external cauſes is unſteady, " or uncertain, but that the ſpeculation of internal cauſes is " fixt and regular, that θεωρίαν far from being in oppoſition to " τεταγμένην is the ſubſtantive that agrees with it in one caſe, " as it agrees with ἄστατον in the other, ſo that the contraſt is " in the adjectives τεταγμένην and ἄστατον, not in θεωρίαν, which " is the ſubſtantive that agrees with both."

Here again, Gentlemen, you ſeem to be under a freſh miſtake, and do not know the nominative from the accuſative caſe, and have diſturbed the aſhes of *Polybius*, by making him ſpeak nonſenſe; an author whoſe manes ought to be reſpected at leaſt equally with the *learned* and *ingenious* Dr. *Blackwell's*, notwithſtanding he was a *Scotch* Profeſſor.

Firſt, you make him ſay, " the ſpeculation of external " cauſes is unſteady and uncertain;" is not this as much to ſay, that the ſpeculation of external cauſes is ſpeculative, or the uncertainty of external cauſes is uncertain? Do you conceive that *Polybius* would have made ſo fooliſh a remark, like Teſtimony in the play of Sir *Courtlynice*, who tells us, that ſin was ſinful.

No, Gentlemen, τὸ μὲν ἔκτον ἄστατον agree together, and are of the nominative caſe and ſignify that external cauſes being uncertain; ἔχειν συμβαίνει admit of, τὴν θεωρίαν ſpeculation. This is at once the ſenſe and conſtruction of *Polybius*, and a juſt remark founded on the difference between external and internal cauſes. Do you imagine, that *Greek* writer would have joined ἄστατον θεωρίαν together, and given the epithet of *uncertain* to

ſpeculation, which laſt word fully implies *uncertainty*, as in ſpeculative principles in oppoſition to certain or fixt, would he have ſaid the black blackneſs? Thus, Gentlemen, ἄςατον does not agree with θεωρίαν, becauſe *Polybius* would never have made ſo idle a remark, as to ſay, ſpeculation was uncertain: When ἄςατον agreeing with τὸ μέν ἔκτος, and being the nominative caſe, makes him ſpeak good ſenſe and good *Greek*: that external cauſes admit of ſpeculation only, and thence ariſes the uncertainty, in what manner they may ſubvert a ſtate. Thus, Gentlemen Critics, you and your *Greek* Profeſſor have not comprehended the grammar any more than the ſenſe of that part.

To this you muſt permit me to add, that τεταγμένην is in oppoſition to θεωρίαν, notwithſtanding what you have ſaid to the contrary, not in point of grammar, but in ſenſe, as ſpeculation againſt certainty; the light in which I have placed them, and which frequently happens even where words do agree in grammar, for example, *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are excellent critics, but the *Scotch* gentlemen are execrable; here *excellent* and *execrable* in grammar agree with critics, but are oppoſite in the ſenſe.

Let me now obſerve, how well the ſenſe will permit θεωρίαν and τεταγμένην to agree, "the ſpeculation of external cauſes is "fixt and regular." Do you imagine, *Polybius* meant to expreſs that meaning by theſe words, that *ſpeculation* was *fixt*, *uncertainty*, *certain*? Thus you ſee, after all your epithets of abſurd, &c. they remain upon you, and *Blackwell*, though he was a *Scotch* Profeſſor, and the ſenſe and grammar are as I have tranſlated it. Indeed I believe and did at the time of my tranſlating that paſſage, that τεταγμένην ſhould have been written τεταγμενά, which then, agreeing with τὰ δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν, would have been, that internal cauſes were fixt, and therefore admit of poſitive deciſion; and in that manner I tranſlated it. And when you tell me, I did not know that τεταγμένην was an adjective, how did you diſcover that, when I rendered it by *fixt*; by which you prove yourſelves to have imagined *fixt* a ſubſtantive in *Engliſh*, and ignorant of the grammar of *our* language, which, as it is not *yours*, you would do well never to pretend to criticiſe.

Having thus cleared myſelf of your firſt charge of ignorance in the *Greek* language, let me try how I ſhall be acquitted in the ſecond.

"Οταν πολλὰς και μεγαλὰς κινδυνυς διωταμένη πολιτεία, μετά ταυτᾶ
"εἰς ὑπεροχὴν καὶ δυναςείαν ἀδήριτον ἀφίκηται, φανερόν ὡς εἰσοικιζομένης
"εἰς αὐτην ἐπὶ πολυ τῆς ευδαιμονίας, συμβαίνει· τὰς μὲν βίυς γινεσθαι
"πολυτελεςέρυς τυς δ' ἄνδρας φιλονεικοτέρυς τῦ δέοντος, περι τε τὰς ἀρχας,
"καὶ τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολὰς.

"What

" What follows is our critic's tranſlation: But when a ſtate, " after having prevailed againſt many and great dangers, by " means of theſe, arrives at eminence and ſettled power, it is " manifeſt, that as eaſe and happineſs find abodes therein, " the ways of living become more luxurious, and men more " fond of rivaling one another in the neceſſaries of life, in " things relative to power, and in all thoſe objects to which " their minds are much applied."

You tell us, " The firſt egregious blunder that occurs in " this verſion, is the tranſlating μετὰ ταυτᾶ, *by means of theſe*, " every ſchool-boy knows that μετὰ ταυτᾶ ſignify *poſt ea*, and " every *Greek* ſcholar will ſee in this place, theſe words can " mean nothing but *afterwards*, or *through* thoſe dangers; " for μετὰ ſignifies *per* as well as *poſt*." Then μετὰ ταυτᾶ, by your own confeſſion, ſignifying *per ea*, muſt expreſs *by means of theſe*, ſynonimous with *through theſe*, as every *Greek* ſcholar knows. By which it appears, you do not underſtand either the meaning of μετὰ ταυτᾶ, *per ea*, or *through theſe*, and are therefore neither *Greek*, *Latin*, nor *Engliſh* ſcholars. *Tully*, and all other claſſics, continually make uſe of *per* in that ſenſe; as in *non poſſumus omnia* per *nos agere*, we cannot accompliſh all things by means of ourſelves; and in *ſi non omnia* per *ſervos latronesque geſſiſſes*, if you had not carried on all things by means of ſlaves and robbers. Thus you ſee at laſt the blunder reſts upon yourſelves, and even by your own confeſſion; what an amazing fund of learning and ingenuity you contain!

However, as you advance, you become more excellent in your way, and it muſt be confeſſed to your praiſe, that no ſett of gentlemen Critics have ever diſcovered the true art of encreaſing dullneſs as they advance in writing ſo perfectly as you have done, the very ſnow-ball of ſtupidity. To the foregoing remark you add, " to ſay a ſtate arrives at emi- " nence by means of danger, is abſurd." Let it be ſo then, neither *Polybius*, nor I in my tranſlation, have ſaid any ſuch thing; we both ſay what you have ſaid in your next two lines, " the danger muſt be *ſurmounted* before the ſuc- " ceſs can be attained;" and pray, does not that convey the ſame ſenſe with " after having *prevailed* againſt many and " great dangers:" Is not the danger *ſurmounted* or *prevailed againſt* in that expreſſion? And is it not by *means of thoſe* dangers *ſurmounted* that a ſtate obtains ſucceſs? The only ſymptom you have of being wits is the ſhortneſs of your memory, who could not remember at the laſt line of that paragraph how I had tranſlated it; yet I queſtion, whether that may prevail with many people to change their opinion of your being dunces. Thus you do not underſtand, either what I have ſaid, or what you

your-

yourſelves have ſaid, otherwiſe you never could have objected to my tranſlation, which agrees with your own, and found fault with it becauſe you ſay it differs from it.

But now you come " to a more deplorable inſtance of our " critic's inability," I fancy this deplorable inſtance muſt fall to your ſhare of lamentation alſo. You ſay: " φιλονικοτέρους " τῦ δέοντος, the learned critic has tranſlated, *fond of rivaling* " *one another in the neceſſaries of life*, whereas theſe words " ſignify no more than *contentions beyond the bounds of decency.*" Thus φιλονικοτέρους is by you converted into a ſubſtantive from an adjective, or you do not know it is an adjective. Let us ſee how the ſentence will run in its conſtruction according to your way of tranſlating it: τὰς δ' ἀνδρὰς φιλονικοτέρους ſignify *men* contentions *beyond the bounds of decency*; now do you conceive that *Polybius*, ſpeaking of the actions of men, made theſe men the actions themſelves, the acted and the actor the identical thing? Indeed, I ſhould have believed *contentions* an erratum, and that it ſhould have been printed *contentious*, only that you immediately repeat it to explain the former, " contentions " with reſpect to power, office and other ſchemes;" thus then there is no difference between the men, the contentions, the offices, and the ſchemes, according to you, and *Polybius* muſt have ſaid, that the ſchemers and their ſchemes are the ſame thing. Is not this of the ſame nature with the old blunder of converting an art into a manufacture, the creator into the created, and the events and incidents in your hero's hiſtory being in two places at once? Pray, where does the deplorable inſtance of inability reſt now?

You continue: " But here is not one word of the *neceſſaries* " *of life*, how then came our critic to ſtumble upon this ex- " preſſion? Why truely, in conſulting ſome Lexicon, he found " the word δέον joined to ἐστὶ ſignified *neceſſarium eſt.*

But pray, Gentlemen, how have you diſcovered that φιλονικοτέρους τῦ δέοντος ſignify *contentions* beyond *the bounds of decency*, when to have given it that ſignification, μᾶλλον muſt have followed τῦ δέοντος, as the very Lexicon would have told you which you conſulted, if it was that of *Scapula*, conſequently then, without the addition of μᾶλλον, the words muſt ſignify *contentions about decency?* Now do you imagine, that *Polybius* meant to ſay that contentions about decency were part of thoſe cauſes which ſubvert a ſtate? But you tell us, " δέον " joined to ἐστὶ ſignifies *neceſſarium eſt*," and without it, *neceſſarium* of conſequence, and *Scapula* renders τὰ δέοντα, *neceſſaria*, thus τῦ δέοντος ſignify *neceſſarii* of the thing neceſſary, or the neceſſaries of life; and in this manner, according to the meaning of *Polybius* and grammar, it ſignifies what I have tranſlated, and yet you ſharp-ſighted critics declare, " common

" ſenſe

" ſenſe would have ſuggeſted the abſurdity of ſaying, that " people after the ways of living are become more luxurious, " grow fond of rivaling one another in the neceſſaries of life. " In what did the luxury of thoſe men conſiſt, *before* they " enjoyed the neceſſaries of life?" Which is juſt as ſenſible as to aſk, in what did the luxury of man conſiſt, before he was created? And which I will anſwer when you tell me, in what places men were, before they exiſted? But as neither *Polybius*, nor the tranſlation of him, have any thing to do with that queſtion; I ſhall ſay nothing to it at preſent, but anſwer your following, " how did they rival one another in the neceſſaries " of life?" The neceſſaries of life are food and rayment, and in theſe, carried to exceſs in the delicacies of the table and magnificence of habits, men grow fond of rivaling each other the inſeparable conſequences of luxury, thus as prince Hal tells the lying Falſtaff, mark now how a plain tale ſhall put you down.

But you tell us, " you can conceive, how a ſtarved poli- " tician may grow fond of rivaling his neighbour once a day, " when he ſees him go to dinner." This I ſuppoſe being critical politicians, you conceive from your own ſenſations about that hour of the day: For I imagine, whoever looks in my face will ſcarce conceive the idea of ſtarving, though there really is one of you, Gentlemen Critics, upon whom I can never caſt my eyes without apprehenſion that he is very near that condition. But you continue, " we apprehend ſuch a " wretched ſcribler as this will never earn the neceſſaries of " life by his talents in criticiſm." To this really I can give no anſwer, becauſe I have never tried; but I am really informed from the *ſpecimens* which your late and preſent ſett of gentlemen Critics have given to the Public, and thoſe which I have written upon you, that were you all put up in one lot to be ſold by inch of candle, and myſelf in another, that the bookſellers would bid a higher price for me than for your whole number.

But you tell us: " Such miſtakes might be excuſable in a " good-natured man writing in a hurry, without pretenſions " to critical knowledge in the *Greek* language; but no mercy " ought to be ſhewn to ſuch an author who commits ſuch mi- " ſerable blunders in the very act of cenſuring and abuſing " his betters." Thus, Gentlemen, have not you cruelly cut yourſelves off from mercy by having committed the very miſerable blunders which you have imputed to me? But, pray, who are my betters in *Greek* criticiſm? Not *Blackwell* ſurely, whom I have proved not to have underſtood one page of *Greek*; not your late ſett of *Scotch* gentlemen Critics, on whom I have proved the ſame thing, not only in the paſſage of *Polybius*,

lybius, but in the tranſcript from *Homer* and the ſingle word πρέπον; not your auxiliary *Greek* Profeſſor who has only expoſed himſelf by aſſiſting you in thoſe blunders which you have made on my tranſlation: An abſolute ignorance in *Greek* being perfectly proved againſt all of you. Thus, after having rallied the remains of your broken *Greek* Phalanx under a new general, what have you done but fixed the trophy of my victory? A diſgrace to which few enemies have ever been reduced.

One thing in this place I cannot avoid remarking, it is what a bleſſed tranſlation of *Sophocles* we ſhall have, if your *Cambridge* Profeſſor of the *Greek* language, in imitation of the *Scotch Blackwell*, pretends to take every thing without exception from the original author.

But now comes an inſtance of your powers of fine writing: "A performance (the Occaſional Critic) over which he has "been brooding near two years, like a toad ſweltering in the "corner of a dark cellar, ſhunned, loathed, and deteſted, "collecting all his filth and venom for the annoyance of his "fellow-creatures; a performance expreſsly written to ca-"lumniate the living and defame the dead." If I have been ſomewhat long in brooding, I have hatched ſomething at laſt, Gentlemen; your eggs are all adle. And now for the propriety of the ſimile, "like a toad *ſweltering* in the corner of a "dark cellar," that is, a toad dried up with heat, ay, and in a cold place too, the corner of a dark cellar; "ſhunned, "loathed, and deteſted," and yet during this whole time, he has kept better company than you ever were permitted to keep, ſince your feet were firſt conſcious of a pair of ſhoes; "col-"lecting all his filth and venom for the annoyance of his *fellow-*"creatures," the *Scotch* gentlemen Critics; which expreſſion puts me in mind of Dean *Swift's* poem on the words *Brother Proteſtants* and *Fellow Chriſtians:*

> A ball of new dropt horſe's dung,
> Mingling with apples in the throng,
> Said to the Pippin, plump, and prim,
> *See, brother, how we apples ſwim!*

"A performance expreſsly written to calumniate the living "and defame the dead." Have you the power of face, Gentlemen, to complain of being calumniated, who have cauſeleſsly and unprovoked moſt infamouſly abuſed almoſt all the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* writers, which have written ſince you began your Annals of literature? You miſtake indeed, it was neither to defame the dead, nor calumniate the living that I wrote the Occaſional Critic; my deſign in examining *Blackwell's* Court of *Auguſtus*, which is now as dead as himſelf, was to ſhew your ignorance and national partiality, in favour of a man who

appears

appears to have underſtood no one language on the globe, *Scotch* excepted, whoſe illiterate nonſenſe and abſurdity you have diſtinguiſhed with the names of ingenuity and learning, as we do favourite curs with the names of *Pompey* and *Scipio*. Beſides which it was my deſign to vindicate my fellow-ſubjects of *England* and *Ireland* as well as myſelf from the malevolence, ſlander, and falſifications of your Annals; to explain to this nation, how a ſett of ungrateful refugee *Scotch* Critics, and Phyſicians, could not reſtrain their national averſion for the *Engliſh*, who at preſent give them bread; to undeceive the few, even who might believe they underſtood the profeſſions of criticiſm and phyſic, from being miſled in their judgment, and ruined in their health: Theſe, and theſe alone, after almoſt two years defamation of me and my countrymen, were the ſole motives of my writing the Occaſional Critic. How well I have ſucceeded, you ſufficiently evince, by being as uneaſy as rats in a hot kettle.

You continue: "One ſpecimen more of this author's "learning, and we have done with that part of his character," after which you quote your own *Latin*, and what I have ſaid upon it, and then ſay: "Is not this quotation ſufficient, with-"out any comment, to diſcloſe the ignorance and preſumption "of this wretched critic? *Diverſoriolo quodam* is not *Latin*. "Before ſubſtantives which expreſs things, the prepoſition *in* "is always placed by the claſſics, *&c.* We can hardly imagine, "the man was in earneſt when he made this aſſertion; there "is ſcarce a page in any *Roman* claſſic that does not give the "lye to what he has aſſerted with ſuch effrontery." Very gentlemen-like expreſſions! And notwithſtanding which the very firſt paſſage that you have quoted, does not prove the truth of what you have ſaid. "*Suo ſe loco continuit*," he remained in his *place*; is place a *thing?* The ſecond is equally true alſo, "*tamen ut noſtri omnibus partibus ſuperiores fuerint*," notwithſtanding as our men were ſuperior in all *parts*; are parts, portions of ſpace, things? Again, "*ut impeditis locis* "*diſperſi pabulatores circumvenerentur*," that the forragers, diſperſed in embarraſſed *places*, were ſurrounded; are places things? Now, Gentlemen, you ſee thoſe inſtances which you have brought, prove nothing in your favour, notwithſtanding the claſſics are ſo full of thoſe proofs, and I may be ſtill right; indeed they prove that you have no ideas annexed to the words you write, of which you have given almoſt infinite examples. Let me grant, however, if you chuſe it, that *diverſoriolo quodam* is not right *Latin*, if that be ſufficient "to expoſe my igno-"rance, and give the lye to what I have aſſerted with ſuch "effrontery;" what muſt I think of your ignorance and lying

effrontery, when you ſay that Sir *Richard Manningham* had written falſe *Latin* in his expreſſion of *utero gerentium*, and which you aſſert ſhould have been *in* utero *geſtantium?* If he erred in writing *utero*, for he did not in *gerentium*, muſt not you have erred in *diverſoriolo* for the ſame reaſon? Or if you knew him right at that time, why did you condemn him for falſe *Latin?* Thus you ſee on all hands, if this be ſufficient to expoſe my ignorance, it doubly expoſes yours alſo, for aſſerting it is *Latin*, after you have ſaid it is not. And when the accumulated blunders, which I have proved againſt you, are added to this, what a *pelion* upon *oſſa* of ignorance is there heaped upon you? And how hard muſt you have been driven, when like *Sampſon* in blindneſs, though not in ſtrength, you have attempted to pull down this ſingle pillar which muſt alike cruſh me and you, if it can hurt me at all.

But to tell you the truth, the paſſages which I recollected, where *in* is uſed, a little inclined by what you had ſaid on *utero gerentium*, induced me to think you right in that inſtance and wrong in *diverſoriolo*, for which I aſk Sir *Richard Manningham's* pardon in not having agreed with his manner of writing it, if I am miſtaken; but I find you are ſuch faithleſs, or ſuch ignorant writers, or rather both, that you are not to be truſted in a word of *two* letters, for which reaſon, to prevent all miſtakes of that kind, I will never give credit to any *one* letter you ſhall write hereafter.

To the above paſſage you add the following: "Is it neceſſary to exhibit farther proofs of this author's arrogance and ſtupidity? *Potum conficere* (ſays he) cannot ſignify to brew, which you muſt mean in this place. *Cereviſiam coquere* is to brew;" and I ſay ſo ſtill.

But now comes the ſublimeſt of all ſtrokes of wit: "By the ſame way of reaſoning, if a man ſhould call this author *fungus*, he might reply, you know nothing at all of *Latin*, otherwiſe you would have called me *curruca*, for you muſt have meant c——d." Very arch indeed! by which you candidly inſinuate I am a cuckold. I thank you for this gentleman-like addition to pillory-politician, incendiary, *&c.* But, pray, what has my wife done to enrage you? She has never attempted to prove you are *Scotch* ſcrubs and raſcals, of whoſe character, if you know any thing, you muſt know you have moſt egregiouſly defamed it, and if you know nothing of her, are not you in fact the *Scotch* ſcrubs and raſcals, which you ſay I have intended to demonſtrate you are, by this malicious inſinuation? Now could not you have ſtuck to me alone, and like gentlemen *Scotchmen* have called me ſodomite, or ſome ſuch polite name in your way, which I am verily convinced is

as

as true as my being a cuckold? But I imagine, that being certain I was invulnerable to what you can ſay, reſpecting me, in that manner, you intended to try whether I could be moved by inſinuating that my wife was a proſtitute, and my children baſtards; in which you have equally miſcarried and proved yourſelves what I have ſhewn you to be. Pray, Gentlemen, at preſent, who appears moſt like the ſweltering toad, collecting filth and venom?

You proceed: "*Potum conficere* ſignifies to mingle, to com- "pound, to adulterate balderdaſh, cider, or any kind of be- "verage;" if it does, it cannot ſignify to brew, which I defy you to deny you did not intend it ſhould, and gain credit. Beſides, Gentlemen, I call upon you to inſtance in any claſſic author, that *conficere* ſignifies either of the above ſenſes. But you ſay alſo: "it ſignifies to *concoct*, as our judicious critic "will find in *Ainſworth's* Dictionary," and to which *Ainſworth* adds *or to digeſt*. Here I imagine, you would mean by *concoct* to boil together, and thereby inſinuate it means to brew, and therefore you ſunk, *or to digeſt*: Whereas the place in *Pliny*, to which *Ainſworth* refers for that ſenſe of *conficere*, ſignifies to concoct or digeſt in the ſtomach, thus then *conficere potum*, according to you, means: the landlord or landlady of this little ale-houſe concocting drink in their ſtomach; pray, which way did this drink paſs when it came to be given to their cuſtomers? If this be the *Scotch* way of brewing or mingling drink, it is really unknown in *England*, and thence you may have been led into the miſtake. Indeed I muſt confeſs, there is a method which Teague in the committee has of mulling drink in his mouth, which he gives to Mr. Obe through a funnel, that comes the neareſt to your *Scotch* way of mingling of any that I know.

You then proceed to ſay: "The ſame *Ainſworth's* Dictio- "nary would have informed him, that *corpus* implies *ſubſtance*, "and *ſpecies* form, faſhion or appearance," do not then *corpore denique ac facie carentis* (by which I ſuppoſe you mean *ſpecie*, as it was originally in your critical Review) according to *Ainſworth*, ſignify without body or exiſtence, ſince *corpus* means ſubſtance and *ſpecies* appearance. Surely, that which can be neither felt nor ſeen, muſt be without body or appearance; thus you ſee, *Ainſworth* and I are of one opinion, why then have you expoſed yourſelves by contradicting me? And though you have been pleaſed to tranſlate theſe words by *neither ſeemly nor ſubſtantial*, will that help you out? Species, appearance, form, faſhion, no more means *ſeemly* than *Random* does Doctor of Phyſic. That is derived from the *Daniſh* word *ſoommeligt*, which ſignifies *honor* or *decency*, and it is ſynoni-

mous in *Engliſh* with *decent*, *becoming*, *proper*, *fit*: Thus it ſeems, you know not what is *Latin* for *ſeemly*, nor the *Engliſh* of *ſpecies*. O rare Gentlemen Critics once more, have not you mended the matter amazingly by this vindication of your latinity!

Thus, Gentlemen, you are again reduced to the ſame ſtate of ſtupidity from which you ſat out to vindicate yourſelves, with this additional circumſtance, that your diſgrace is doubled by this abſurd attempt of retrieving it.

After this you ſay: "The reader will now judge of the "pretenſions of this modern *Zoilus*," and compare them with yours I hope, "who has all the preſumption" (to take down a ſett of ignorant *Scotchmen*, vaſtly preſuming indeed, and in which he has ſucceeded too) "of *John Dennis* without his "learning, all his rage without his integrity." As to my learning, Gentlemen, I readily allow myſelf, if you chuſe it, of all learned *Engliſhmen* the leaſt a *Greek* and *Latin* ſcholar, the *Cambridge Greek* profeſſor excepted. But I ſtill inſiſt upon it, I am a better ſcholar in *Greek* and *Latin* than the beſt of you *Scotchmen*. As to my want of integrity, as you have given no inſtance of it, I truſt the Public will not believe you in that particular.

To the above you add: "We cannot help ſmiling," but I am aſſured, like *Milton's* death you grin horribly a ghaſtly *ſmile*, "with contempt at the impotent attacks" not quite ſo impotent moſt people think, "of this furious wretch upon the "perſonal character" I like that in a man who unprovoked has expreſsly quitted my writings to abuſe me perſonally, "of one "of our aſſociates whom he has lately traduced in many in-"ſtances which we diſdain to ſpecify," in which diſdain you are unjuſtifiable, becauſe without ſpecifying the inſtances conſidering your regard for truth, you may not be believed in that aſſertion; but your reaſon for this diſdain is admirable! "becauſe we hold him an object altogether unworthy of our "reſentment." Pray, Gentlemen, why then are you ſo angry with this unworthy object? Why do you ſteal through the ſtreets with faces expreſſing conſcious conviction of ignorance and defeat, as ſhy and circumſpect, as ſo many curs with their tails new cut, afraid leſt every paſſenger ſhould diſcover your diſgrace, and touch the ſore part.

You go on: "But we cannot help feeling ſome indigna-"tion at the ſcurrility and falſehood," two words indeed dropping with great decency from your pen, "which he has thrown "out againſt ſeveral gentlemen of worth;" what their worth may be, is partly to be diſcovered by their being the former aſſociates and the preſent abettors of your deſigns. But, pray, in what

what does their worth consist? Is that of *Armstrong* in his poetry whose sublime imagination hath conceived the wonderful phænomenon of hatching lions, panthers, &c. out of a black woman's back? Is it in your raker's skill of getting intelligence and criticising the works of art, who I am told repents as much as his horses that he ever became a retainer to your critical Annals? Is it in looking like a taylor, which is so unexceptionably apt to your anatomist, that all mankind agree in it? But as truth is my object, how much soever the confession of it may humble me in the eyes of the world, I am sincerely sorry for having compared him to a gimblet, because a bodkin is equally used in making holes, and goes better with the idea of a taylor: Is it in the formality and great wig of your correspondent for foreign litterary articles? Or is it in the vast knowledge of physic which you and they have shewn in your criticisms on all physical subjects before they deserted you? But as you have forgotten to instance their worth and my scurrility and falsehood, will not what you have pronounced pass for mere assertion void of all foundation of truth? But you add: "From whom he never received the smallest provoca-"tion;" you assert what you know to be untrue, were not every man of them jointly concerned in writing or abetting that malevolence which you have so flagrantly lavished on me and my fellow-subjects of *England* and *Ireland*, and "with "whom he never had the least acquaintance," nor ever will, as I have told you once already, for reasons natural and moral. But now comes the finest flower of the garden: "The "source of all this virulence and obloquy" in which you err again both in the denomination and cause of my writing, "arise from the natural antipathy of malice to me-"rit." Should not you have proved this merit before you asserted they possess it, otherwise as it remains undiscovered, how can I entertain malice against what I believe does not exist? "It is rancorous envy repining at success," not in their exhibitions of learning, criticism, or knowledge of physic certainly; in what then can I envy them? "They are prosperous, "he is indigent;" if they are more prosperous than myself, a thing I very much doubt, they might have been grateful too, and not have reviled and slandered the people of *England*, who are the mistaken cause of it, and amongst whom they have taken refuge, for not a man of them has seen a half-crown from *Scotland* since he first crossed the Tweed. If I am indigent, it is in part my own fault, by preferring uniformity of behaviour to your *Scotch* tergiversation, otherwise I might have been as prosperous as the most prosperous of your critical clan. "They are generally respected, he is universally de-

"spised,

" ſpiſed," with all my heart, as men are generally reſpected by thoſe like themſelves, and by ſuch as you I ſhould be aſhamed to be reſpected; and as to being deſpiſed, I imagine, though I may have created an univerſal hate towards me in you *Scotch* gentlemen critics, yet I have given ſpecimens ſufficient for preventing myſelf from being deſpiſed even by you; and by many of your countrymen I am eſteemed, and not the leſs for having expoſed your ignorance and national prejudice to the world, of which they are ſo much aſhamed. " They " are cheriſhed as valuable members of the common-wealth, " and he is avoided as the outcaſt of ſociety;" as to the common-wealth, probably I have as good a claim to be thought a valuable member as the beſt of them; and as to being the outcaſt of ſociety, I entertain at my own houſe every week men of better ſociety than they ever ſat in company with. So much for your long winded ſtrain of paultry antitheſis. I wonder you had not added, they are clean and he is ſcabby; that would have cloſed the whole roundly.

After this comes your apologue of a ſtory taken from *Joe Miller*, or the wit's *vade mecum*, known and worn out by every porter and carman in the city, which ſhews the fertility of your imagination; it begins with " a very honeſt gentle- " man, though a little choleric," a little more than that, if you pleaſe, as it ſtands for you, " one day in croſſing the ſtreet " was ſcandalouſly beſpattered by a drunken fellow employed " in filling a mud-cart," alluding to me I preſume, " when " after being beſpattered, angry and reſolved to chaſtiſe the " carter; however he did not at the interruption of a ſober " ſhop-keeper, who perſuaded him to put up with the damage " becauſe the dirt would rub out." Now, pray, why had not your hero followed this advice, and never attempted to reply? Beſides I am ſuſpicious, that what I have written does not hold good in analogy with the dirt, and to his ſorrow he will find it will not rub out.

However, as I told you a ſtory of a *Scotch* pig to match yours of the muſqueto, I will tell you another to anſwer this.

Two gentlemen diſputing upon a learned ſubject, amongſt their hearers who were bred ſcholars, ſtood a farmer of plain ſenſe without letters; it ſeems that one of the diſputants growing angry, and his antagoniſt laughing at it, the farmer joined with him and declared, the laugher had got the better of the argument. That is true, ſays one of the hearers; but how have you diſcovered it, who do not underſtand the ſubject? That may be, Sir, replied the farmer, mehap I may not underſtand the ſubject, but I can tell who has gotten the better for all that, I am not ſuch a fool, but I can ſee that he is

angry

angry and the other laughs at him. As you left me to apply yours, I leave you to apply mine.

Now, Gentlemen, I think the account ſtands between us in the following manner. I have proved, you underſtand neither *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, nor *Engliſh*, neither metaphyſics, phyſics, theology, hiſtory, medicine, belles-lettres, nor the polite arts; that you are a ſett of prejudiced, unmannerly, and unfaithful *Scotch* gentlemen critics: And you, to oppoſe what I have ſaid, have brought the following arguments, and which however convincing they may be, no partiality to my own ſide ſhall prevent me from placing in their full force: "Obſcure ſcribler, deſperate incendiary, enemy to my king "and country, pillory-politician, ignorant and preſumptuous "quack in politics, lyar, mole in criticiſm, ſtarved politician, "poor pedlar in criticiſm, dead to all ſenſe of elegance and li-"berality, whoſe tranſlation is neither *Greek*, *Latin*, nor "*Engliſh*, (ſurpriſing that an *Engliſh* tranſlation from *Polybius* is neither *Greek*, nor *Latin*) "wretched blunderer, draw-"canſir, mere novice in *Greek*, egregious blunderer, deplor-"able critic, wretched ſcribler, Grubſtreet herald, ſweltering "toad, Tyburn herald, wretched critic, rare hypercritic, "modern *Zoilus*, indigent, friendleſs, deſpiſed outcaſt of ſo-"ciety, furious wretch, *fungus*, cuckold." All which being ſuch unanſwerable arguments in your favour, you cannot but conclude, that you have abſolutely defeated me, and I preſume are now preparing to begin your triumph followed by the *Io Pæans* of your brother writers of North-Britain, playing on ſo many *Scotch* fidles; in conſequence of which I yield you the victory and withdraw myſelf from the diſpute, not being willing to add farther to your renown. And yet, I am told with all this ſucceſs, you, that like Oſrick's carriages were once dear to fancy and of very liberal conceit, are now become like the ſkull of Yorik without gibe jeſt or gambol, quite chap fallen. Where are now your quips and your quidities, your puns, connundrums and jokes, which uſed to ſmirk along the pages of your jocular Review? Not one now to mock your own grining! Alas, poor critics!

I am told too, that the itch of criticiſing is ſorely ſtruck in upon your ſtomachs by the blunders of a ſett of *Scotch* gentlemen phyſicians, and that without ſome cordial ſuddenly applied to drive it out again, your Critical Review muſt expire. Now as I know that ſuch a ſudden death would penetrate your ſouls with infinite affliction, becauſe you would ſuſpect the world might think me the cauſe of it; through pure chriſtian charity therefore, which teacheth us to do good to our ennemies, and to prove how truely I am without re-

ſentment

ſentment againſt you, always provided that you continue abuſing the writings of all *Engliſh* and *Iriſhmen* of merit, and preſuming, that having been long hirelings and now ſcarce worthy of that appellation, you are ready to acquieſce in any thing of that kind for money: I have undertaken to carry on a Subſcription already begun for ſupporting the Critical Review, and to publiſh an Advertiſement in favour of thoſe concerned in it. And for your encouragement, that you may ſee how it advances, I have ſent you part of the preſent liſt of Subſcribers, and the manner in which it is headed.

A Subſcription for continuing the CRITICAL REVIEW, a book eſpecially neceſſary and uſeful to all kinds of men, be they mechanics, merchants, lawyers, phyſicians, divines, gentlemen, or noble. Being printed on ſoft paper. All thoſe who are inclined to ſupport this laudable undertaking, may be aſſured that it is a work of great charity by calling at *R. Baldwin's*, the publiſher in *Pater-noſter-Row*, where ſubſcriptions are taken in. The Authors being reduced to great diſtreſs by the unforeſeen and inevitable accident of the Occaſional Critic, the ſmalleſt ſum will be gratefully received and public thanks given for it in the weekly papers.

	Marks	Bawbees
David Garrick, Eſq; the liberty of playing the repriſal, p[d]. value - -	20	10
Dr. Taylor - -	3	6
Dr. Nicholls - - -	2	1
Dr. Lawrence - -	2	2
Dr. Parſons - - -	6	3
Dr. Brockleſby - -	2	2
Sir Richard Manningham - -	5	5
Dr. Lucas - - -	3	3
Dr. Brown - - -	5	5
Dr. Shebbeare - - -	10	10
Mr. Murphy - - -	5	3
Mr. Foot - - -	4	2
Mr. Borlace - - -	3	3
Mr. Pegge - - -	2	2
Mrs. Clark - - -	5	5

Subſcriptions are taken in at moſt of the Coffee-houſes in *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

In

In like manner, Gentlemen, leſt you ſhould be offended at my publiſhing the advertiſement before you had approved of it, I have ſent it you for your peruſal.

Chelſea, Nov. 26, 1757.

To be lett and entered upon immediately

An empty AUTHOR.

He is equally qualified to write tragedy, comedy, farce, hiſtory, novels, voyages, treatiſes on midwifery, in phyſic, and on all kinds of polite letters. He tranſlates with equal accuracy into *Engliſh*, the *Chineſe*, *Arabic*, *Hebrew*, *Phœnician*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, *German* and *French* languages. He will undertake to praiſe all works be they never ſo bad, and condemn thoſe which are ever ſo good, in the Critical Review, for very ſmall gratuities. He undertakes to fit up books by the yard on all ſubjects, at the beſt hand, and with the greateſt expedition, for thoſe who cannot write themſelves, with great allowances in favour of his countrymen; having much improved the new way of compoſing new treatiſes by means of a pair of ſciſſars, brown paper, a bruſh, paſte and old authors. Beſides himſelf he has under him ſeveral journeymen-authors, ſo that all thoſe who chuſe to have a ſubject fitted up from the moſt ſublime down to a common advertiſement, may be commodiouſly furniſhed at his houſe, where ſpecimens of his works may be ſeen every day; beſides theſe he keeps a *Greek* profeſſor to work by the job, and find *Greek* mottos for the books he writes. All which will be done at the cheapeſt rates. *N. B.* He chuſes to work for thoſe who have never employed him before: And you may enquire after his character of moſt bookſellers, except *R*———*n* and *A. M*——*r*.

Unhappily for me, Gentlemen, the Occaſional Critic has not only drawn upon me the weight of your wrath, but your brothers in critical ſagacity and fellow-countrymen of the monthly Review are not a little enraged againſt me on that account, becauſe though I have acknowledged they are your ſuperiors, yet I have ſaid that they are moſt egregious dunces alſo. It ſeems the *Scotch* Pedagogue of ——— has thought fit to attack me on that account in the unlicked performance, of which he is the male-hero: For you writers and critics are ſo extravagantly jealous of all that belongs to *Scotland*, that a man cannot ſcratch in your company but you take it for a national reflexion.

This gentleman Critic, however, allows that I have abundantly expoſed your ignorance; and that you may have an opportunity of returning him the ſame favour, I will endeavour

to expoſe his alſo. He enters upon the ſubject with all the ſolemn ſtrut of a pedantic Pedagogue, the birch, inſtrument of caſtigation, under his left arm, and in an harangue of flat and meagre threadbare admonition, as diſguſting as a plug of tobacco delivered to his comrade from the mouth of one carman, who has taken it half-chewn from that of another; he begins: "We have thought that the uſe of learning was to „ teach us how to ſubdue our paſſions to the dominion of rea- " ſon, to poliſh our manners, and to render us complacent, " agreeable and uſeful to each other;" with much more of this ſolemn ſurfeiting ſtuff, that, like what the hogs in Weſtphalia receive from one another, has paſt through ten thouſand others to come to him, and be delivered as his own. But let me remark how ſeverely this man of admonition has obſerved his own rule, when in his excellent performance for the encouragement of politeneſs, ſecond to yours alone, he has unprovoked diſtinguiſhed me with the gentle appellations of illiterate, illiberal, and miſerable hypercritic, enkindler of ſedition, wretched incendiary, deſtitute of integrity, in which he hath given a happy ſample how much his learning hath ſubdued his paſſions to reaſon, and as he ſays in his ſecond paragraph, "corrected the imperfections of his nature by making " him conſcious of his own frailty and incapacity;" conſequently when Mr. ———, as he ſays immediately after the above, "was taught to *believe* that learning contributed to " abate ſelf-ſufficiency, inculcate moderation and excite bene- " volence," as his learning is not ſufficient to produce thoſe effects in himſelf, it can be but an article of faith in him that it will produce ſuch effects; or he rebels againſt the rules he has ſubſcribed through the pure ſpirit of national averſion to all that is *Engliſh*, and pure partiality to all that is *Scotch*.

To the preceding *complacent* appellations founded on no one quotation, he adds with like truth, "I have libelled the whole " country of *Scotland* with vulgar and national reflexions;" which *poliſhed* aſſertion proves that he either cannot read, cannot underſtand what he reads, or tells an untruth, becauſe ſeveral of that country are mentioned with approbation in the Occaſional Critic. He adds, "that the *Scoteh* are in *general* " learned, temperate and induſtrious." I am ready to acknowledge as much as he chuſes of their temperance and induſtry, but I beg leave to differ from him about their being *generally* learned, becauſe I have never known any nation that was ſo. That they generally pretend to be men of letters is true, but that they poſſeſs not that accompliſhment is true alſo: At leaſt you, who are his countrymen, have been found ſadly deficient in literature, and I belive I ſhall bring

proofs,

proofs, that he in like manner pretends to teach what he does not underſtand, which are no great ſigns of learning. However, he has the goodneſs " to leave you to mortify me by " collecting many proofs of falſe grammar, abſurd ſentiments, " obſcure expreſſion, ridiculous inferences, and nonſenſical re- " marks," all which, as neither you nor he have ſpecified them, may perhaps have eſcaped your diſcovery, for certainly, you did not omit them through tenderneſs; how mortified muſt I then be with ſuch criticiſms as his and yours!

Having advanced thus far, Maſter —— declares me " an " illiterate and ſeditious ſcribler, unworthy of any reputable " connexion," and yet he confeſſes, " I have ſtumbled upon " truth in the Occaſional Critic," which you muſt allow, Gentlemen, was lucky enough for the firſt time of trying, particularly as neither he nor you have once ſtumbled upon it in all your lunar-criticiſms, which month after month have riſen in arrogance and ſet in abſurdity, nonſenſe and falſehood.

He adds alſo, " that I have proved *you* erroneous in your " animadverſions upon *me*; but that ſtill I have juſtified the " cenſures you have paſſed upon *me*, by expoſing my want of " ſenſe, learning and decency in imitating the writers I con- " demn," which is an excellent obſervation indeed! Thus I am right in aſcribing thoſe *errors* to you, and yet thoſe *errors* are *not errors* becauſe you have juſtified my want of ſenſe, or error, in imputing them to you; that is, your errors being wiped off by my want of ſenſe in remarking them, and your animadverſions in the critical Review being proved erroneous by my obſervations upon them, it follows that you are at once both right and wrong in the ſame thing, and by the ſame way of reaſoning it proves me right and wrong alſo. O rare Maſter —— of ——!! Does not he ſurpaſs *Blackwell*, who who divided his ſubject into three halves.

After having delivered that inimitable remark, the following paſſage in the Occaſional Critic ſeems to give him much offence: " Pray, like your countrymen the *Highlanders*, have " not you ſhewn your bare backſides in ſtooping to become " critics?" And yet, Gentlemen, why ſhould he conceive my mentioning that part to be indecent which your and his countrymen think moſt decent to ſhew to all the world, and were ready to rebel when the legiſlature ſhut it up from public view by an act of Parliament, which ordered it to be covered? Surely the word backſide cannot be more unſeemly than the ſight of the thing itſelf. But upon ſecond thoughts, it may be the term, backſide, to which Mr. ——, not underſtanding the *Engliſh* language, has ſo much exception; a--ſe being the

Court-phraſe of *Scotland*, as My Lady ——— made uſe of it at St. *James's*, who, when the late Queen aſked, where ſhe was, replied, hard at your a--ſe, may it pleaſe your Majeſty. But let me tell Mr. ——, " that dominion of reaſon over his " paſſions, that man of poliſhed manners," that he has much offended Mr. Buckhorſe by putting the following anſwer into his mouth, " aſk my a--ſe," and he ſhould take great care that the aforeſaid hero in his anger does not kick his a--ſe, by which means he will perceive that though backſide and a--ſe are two different names, they ſignify the ſame thing in *England*, and that when one is ſorely bruiſed, the other ſeverely ſmarts and ſympathiſes with it.

Having in this way exemplified his complacent, agreeable and poliſhed admonition, he falls on me for defending the author of the fourth Letter to the People of *England*, and on the *French* paſſage which is quoted in favour of it, he ſays: " However unſkilled I may ſuppoſe my antagoniſts (meaning " you) in the *French* language, the reader will perceive, that " the Occaſional Critic is not deeply verſed either in *French* " or *Engliſh*, and that he has unfortunately miſconſtrued his " friends pompous panegyric. The Frenchman ſays: *C'eſt un* " *citoyen éclairé qui parle avec liberté à un peuple libre de ce* " *qu'il lui importe le plus de ſavoir*; this the Occaſional Critic " tranſlates thus: He is a man of underſtanding who ſpeaks " with freedom to a free people *which he believes little inſtruc-* " *ted in what it is their duty to know.* Now this by no means " appears to be good *Engliſh*, for we conceive that the adjec- " tive *which* ought to be uſed only when we ſpeak of things, " and *who* or *whom* when we talk of perſon." By which you ſee, this Teacher of languages hath conceived amiſs, and as Doctor Cajus ſays of Sir Hugh Evans, *py gar he has prey his pible well*; who does not remember the firſt ſentence of the Lord's-prayer, *Our Father* which *art in heaven.* But as Maſter —— may not acknowledge the authority of that prayer any more than he does the divinity of the Author of it, I will bring him other authorities which he cannot well oppoſe: The Almighty *which* giveth wiſdom, *Hooker.* Every one hears that, *which* can diſtinguiſh ſound: Had I been there *which* am but a ſilly woman, *Shakeſpeare.* Beſides as Mr. —— allows *which* to be an adjective, may it not be grammatically written in the following manner: Who ſpeaks with freedom to a free people, which people he believes, &c.? If ſo, this *which* with *people* underſtood in the ſecond place is good *Engliſh.* Thus you ſee, Gentlemen, Maſter ——— pretends to teach languages without underſtanding them as well as to criticiſe,

which

which is a circumſtance in common to all of you, and appears to be the very critical friſle of all word-catchers.

Let me now ſee in what manner I have miſſed the meaning of the *French*. He has tranſlated it: "He is a man of un- "derſtanding who ſpeaks with freedom to a free people, upon "a ſubject which it is of moſt importance to them to be ac- "quainted with." Now Maſter ——, notwithſtanding he teaches grammar, has not he erred again? Should not importance *for* have been importance *to*, to make it good *Engliſh?* Beſides the drawling length of *upon a ſubject which*, expreſt by three monoſyllables in French *de ce que*, and *to be acquainted with*, by *de ſavoir*. Is it in this manner, he intends preſerving the ſpirit of *Xenophon*, whom he preſumes to tranſlate? Let him take care, leſt he ſhould be caught *blackwelliſing* in thoſe parts which he takes immediately from the original.

The tranſlation which I have given is: "He is a man of "underſtanding who ſpeaks with freedom to a people which "he believes little inſtructed in what it is their duty to know." Thus neither he nor I have tranſlated it litterally, I have added *he believes*, and he has added *upon a ſubject*; and certainly as the ſenſe of *de ce qu'il lui importe* is litterally *of that which it concerns them*, it may be tranſlated, *in what it is their duty*, unleſs he can explain, how, what concerns a whole people to know, is not their duty to be inſtructed in, or evince that the tranſlation does not convey the ſame ſenſe.

He continues: "The reader will obſerve the impropriety "of his continuing and repeating the word *its*, by which he "has ingeniouſly made the *judgment*, the *reflections* and the "*ſtile* to be derived out of the *cenſure*, whereas the cenſure "is evidently created by thom." With all my heart. I have tranſlated it as the author wrote it, and am not reſponſible for his miſtakes. However he comprehended his meaning which anſwers my purpoſe; and yet I ſhould be glad to know, how it becomes an error to ſay that cenſure is formidable by the ſeverity of its judgment, more than to ſay that judgment is formidable by the ſeverity of its cenſure? But it ſeems, Maſter ——, the Teacher of languages, knows but one ſenſe of the word *cenſure*; he took it for *reproof*, whereas the author uſes it as *Shakeſpeare* does in Engliſh *judicial ſentence*; and ſurely, a judicial ſentence may be formidable by the ſeverity of its judgment, the judgment which it contains, as well as judgment formidable by the judicial ſentence which it contains. But Mr. —— is the very Bobadil of all critics in the parade of his ſkill, and the proof of his inſufficiency.

He

He continues: " In this very eulogium the Frenchman ſeems " to have diſtantly reproved the audacity of the writer of the " fourth Letter, for he ſays, he has made a very ſevere en- " quiry into the conduct of the Britiſh Miniſters, and DARES " to attribute to them, &c. which the tranſlator has ſoftened " by uſing the word *preſume.*" Yet I would gladly know, in whom audacity ſtands forth with moſt bare-faced effrontery, either in the author of the Letter, who has endeavoured to drive from before the King and to ſave the people the moſt profligate Miniſters that ever ruined a free ſtate, or Maſter ——, who has moſt audaciouſly pretended to palliate their iniquity? After having denominated what I have written, " a " deſcription of the calamitous condition of free-born Britos, p. 370. l. 26." and which, ignorant and inſenſible as he appears to be, he muſt have felt to be ſufficiently calamitous; on which ſide then reſts the imputation of *daring?* I who have *dared* to ſerve my country in diſtreſs? Or he who confeſſing our calamities *dares* to ſupport the abettors of its ruin.

It is, Gentlemen, the peculiar happineſs of Mr. ——, as well as of you, to be excellent in your qualities like a leaden bullet in a human body, your minds are always working downwards; in conformity to which attribute he adds: " There appears, however, to be as little judgment in this " Frenchman's compoſition as in the work he has ventured " to applaud. For firſt he tells us, that the author of the " fourth letter is very *ſevere*; afterwards he places him in the " *milder* light of an *adviſer* and *inſtructer*," in which, moſt preſbyterian-like, he has ſtuck in the word *milder*, to give a ſenſe to that part which the author never meant or expreſt, " and in the next line he aſſures us, that his cenſure is ſome- " times dipped in *the gaul of ſatire.* Now until he can re- " concile thoſe contradictions, and ſhew us how the *extreme* " ſeverity of cenſure" which word *extreme* you have interpolated for the reaſon above-mentioned, " dipped in the gaul " of ſatire, is ſuitable to the ſtile of advice and inſtruction, " no man of common ſenſe will ever be influenced by his opi- " nion, eſpecially of an *Engliſh* performance."

As the writer of the *French* paſſage may probably never ſee Mr. ——'s criticiſm, I will endeavour to reconcile thoſe contradictions as he ſtiles them; and therefore I beg leave to aſk a few queſtions. Does not Mr. —— pretend to teach *Latin!* Has he comprehended that in which he preſumes to inſtruct others? Can he have read *Horace* and *Juvenal?* If he has, let him anſwer this queſtion: Are not thoſe poets very *ſevere adviſers and inſtructors whoſe cenſure is ſometimes dipped in the gaul*

gaul of ſatire. And as Mr. —— from his preſent appearance of ſtupidity can hardly be conceived, but as a dunce at ſchool, did not he then, when his maſter flogged him for a blockhead, conceive that it was poſſible there might be a ſevere inſtructer? And if fame ſays true, his preſent ſcholars entertain that idea of him when they receive correction from his hands, conſcious that the cauſe of it ariſes from his incapacity to teach, and not from their want of faculties to learn.

Thus it appears, this arrogant and critical Scotchman is unacquainted with the duty of a Chriſtian by not remembring the Lord's-prayer, and unqualified for a ſchoolmaſter by his ignorance of grammar and the ſenſe of the *Latin* claſſics, and yet he keeps a ſchool for the Chriſtian and learned education of youth, at the ſign of the *Academy at* ——: Pray, which of the two ſeems the beſt qualified to judge of an *Engliſh* performance, Mr. —— or the *French* writer?

But what of all things muſt appear the moſt extraordinary to thoſe who know not the genius of your country is, that you and he ſhould undertake to be *Engliſh* critics and ſchoolmaſters, when not one in ten thouſand amongſt you can write the *Engliſh* language; and ſurely, you are not part of the exception to the rule; unleſs it be the undertaking of the brother Doctors of your Review who ſeem equally qualified for the profeſſion of phyſic: Wherefore it ſeems the duty of every man to hope that heaven, in pity to their judgment, inſtruction and health, will preſerve all *Engliſhmen* from reading your Reviews, ſending their children to *Scotch* ſchoolmaſters, or truſting their lives in your Doctor's hands.

However it ſeems, Mr. —— has not yet exerted all his talents in critical diving, though like a tadpole he is ever ready with his head downwards, and from the ſame cauſe the weight of it, he ſays, "it is by no means improbable that I may "have penned this nonſenſical panegyric myſelf and ſent it to "ſome foreign hireling to be tranſlated;" by which piece of penetration, as he conceives it, he would have cunningly cut himſelf from the effect of his criticiſing my tranſlation of the *French*, even ſuppoſing he had done it ever ſo juſtly. For, if I ſent the *Engliſh* to be tranſlated into *French*, I imagine, Mr. —— even may have ſagacity enough to comprehend when it is once laid before him, that I did not tranſlate the *French* into *Engliſh*. Had there been then a wrong tranſlation any where, it muſt have reſted on the *French* tranſlator, the *Engliſh* being the original; thus would he have craftily loped off the bough he ſtood upon, and let himſelf down moſt ridiculouſly. But from what inſtance, of ever having endeavoured

to

to puff, has Mr. —— gathered the probability of my having fought applauſe by that method? Has he ever known any thing like that intended in *England?* Gentlemen, I leave the panegyric of men's own works to him, to you and your hero: For performing which, the latter having requeſted the trump of Fame; that lady knowing he could not diſtinguiſh one trumpet from the other, and to puniſh his arrogance, lent him her poſterior inſtrument, which, overjoyed at the miſtaken honor, he clapped unwiping it to his mouth, and thus his intended praiſe, by paſſing through that tube, was converted to the diſgrace and diſhonor of his complete hiſtory of *England.*

Is it not ſtrange, Gentlemen, that Mr. —— could mention the word *hireling* as a term of reproach, who works by the job under Gr--fth's the publiſher, enrolled amongſt the liſt of his gazetteer Dunciad, a ſett of gentlemen critics, who had the hardineſs to praiſe the moſt pernicious of all books, the Memoirs of a woman of pleaſure, for its morality, which, notwithſtanding the miſchief it has already done, and the obligation their maſter is under not to ſell it, he has lately reprinted a freſh edition and vends it to the infinite diſgrace of the clergy and magiſtracy of the city of *London*, if they know and do not pay attention to ſuch an atrocious action, and to the utter deſtruction of the young and heedleſs. What greater praiſe can a writer receive than to be condemned by ſuch abandoned hacknies?

As to the deſign of the fourth Letter, I have fairly proved, that both you and Maſter —— are miſtaken in what you ſay of it. It was written neither to enkindle ſedition at home, nor expoſe ourſelves abroad; it was to ſhew the miſerable ſituation to which this nation is reduced by the miſmanagement of Miniſters, whom none but ſuch as the ——— Schoolmaſter, his brother dunces of G--fths's preſbyterian-regiment, and men like them dare to ſpeak well of, who, whilſt their country is hourly mouldering into ruin, applaud, without regret for its expiring ſtate, thoſe profligates whoſe aſſiduity is only exerciſed to complete our deſtruction; it was to awaken a drowſy people to the ſenſe of their calamities, to vindicate their liberties, properties and conſtitution of this land, to animate them towards obtaining proper Miniſters, that their enemies might be humbled, and that, Hanover no longer claiming their attention and exhauſting their treaſure, America the ſource of all their wealth might be preſerved to the Crown, wellfare and honor of this nation: This was my deſign, and to the contrary of it neither you, nor your Dunciad of brother-critics, have ever proved a ſingle article.

And believe me, notwithſtanding this affected zeal for the late Adminiſtration, Maſter —— will hardly find acception at ———, unleſs he can reaſon more perfectly than he preſerves his own rule of politeneſs in what he writes. It is probable that the ——— may live to be convinced, that the author of the Letters to the People of *England* was no foe to him, nor his country; and I am told, he is of a temper to think, that no enemy to the God of your religion can be a friend to his King: Wherefore let Mr. —— either prove the articles on which he founds the *Scotch* politeneſs with which he treats me, if he intends to get admittance there, or at leaſt pretend that he believes in our religion.

But let me acquaint both you and him with a reſolution taken by ſeveral Gentlemen of one of our Univerſities, who having long ſince beheld your partiality and injuſtice towards the Natives of *England* and *Ireland*, are now determined to reſcue the works of the learned from your malicious perſecution, and attempt to do juſtice to them in a monthly performance, which will appear in the beginning of *February* next, not to the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* alone, but to every *Scotch* production in the republic of Letters, and for the ſake of truth and juſtice, to have a ſevere eye upon what you ſhall ſay of them in each preceding month.

Thus, Gentlemen, I take my leave of you, hoping that, as Mr. —— and his bretheren have attacked you, that you in return will ſhew your ſpirit and repay the attempt; and, as when knaves fall out, honeſt men come to their own, ſo by this quarrel among dunces, Men of Letters may receive the applauſe which is due to them, and you may prove whoſe heads are hardeſt.

And ſo much I am your friend, leſt you ſhould miſs the occaſion, I will give you a proof of the arrogance of the monthly Review Gentlemen, in their criticiſm on *New Regulations of the Pruſſian Cavalry*. Theſe gentlemen declare: " As we are " not unacquainted with the *German* original of this work, we " dare anſwer for its being juſtly tranſlated, excepting a very " few inſtances. In the fifth chapter of part the eight, ' if " a recruiting non-commiſſioned officer ſuffers any man to " deſert for money, he ſhall be condemned to the *karre* for " three years.' This *karre* is the *German* word which the " tranſlator ſeems to have miſtaken for the name of ſome place " of confinement; now this *karre* is nothing more than a *cart* " to which the malefactor is chained, and is employed in " keeping the fortifications in repair.

How well they are acquainted with the *German* original by tranſlating *karre* into a *cart* you may decide, by its ſignifying a *wheel-barrow*; and how well they are acquainted with the tranſlation by their preſuming to ſay, the tranſlator ſeems to have been miſtaken in the word *karre*; when only ſix or ſeven pages before he has explained it by this note on that word: *This puniſhment is working at the public works with a wheel-barrow, the priſoner having one fetter on.* Thus you ſee, Gentlemen, your brother-critics were very unlucky in this dip for a paſſage to criticiſe: the word *karre* has proved that they criticiſe, praiſe and condemn without reading, and are exactly your counterparts.

And as I conclude, that at preſent you, gentlemen critics, are going into utter darkneſs, I wiſh you all a good night.

How well they are acquainted with the *German* original by tranſlating *karre* into a *cart* you may decide, by its ſignifying a *wheel-barrow*; and how well they are acquainted with the tranſlation by their preſuming to ſay, the tranſlator ſeems to have been miſtaken in the word *karre*; when only ſix or ſeven pages before he has explained it by this note on that word: *This puniſhment is working at the public works with a wheel-barrow, the priſoner having one fetter on.* Thus you ſee, Gentlemen, your brother-critics were very unlucky in this dip for a paſſage to criticiſe: the word *karre* has proved that they criticiſe, praiſe and condemn without reading, and are exactly your counterparts.

And as I conclude, that at preſent you, gentlemen critics, are going into utter darkneſs, I wiſh you all a good night.